

There is a bit of stageland going at this scashote place of which every en-

deavor had been to keep performances

incoming ocean steamers, affording deck promenaders private boxes, and so it has been, like America, "discovered." This

is the eachier presentation of "Triby."
The performance begins early in the morning, rain or shim, and hasts all day. There are several acts, and the curtain does not fall until forced down by the shades of

mucht. The stage is the beach, and the actesses are the fair bathers, who are disthining all foot coverings, and are looking the character of "Trifby" fully as to feet, if not acting it as to occanic

hypnotism.
It was suggested that one end of Mar

it was soggested that one end of san-hattan, being olded with specially pretty gas, angla be the studio of artists who have brought their Trithys with them to the senstone, especially as a certain very beau-tiful model, Miss Georgia Overville, who was brought over to America by a certain

famous sculptor, is seen here daily dipping

harmons scanned the water and exercising her magnificent form.

At this Trilly studio is also Mignome, the dainy little California girl, who boasts a drop of the blood of Castile in her veins

sic size or for angels to fly out of cornu

pias. Mignome bathes in black and inte, with a white buildog as a com-anion, whom she seems to blore. She

while the dog sits sympathetically may by

It is a production of the "Me and Jack"

he attracts more attention to herself,

ned to all the well-known men of the coun-

and who is the intimate of ms—great people than any ofher man in the world, won his bet Within a single week there strolled along the shores 'Lucky' Baidwin, John

W Mackay, A. H. Hemmel, the younger

members of the Whitney family, Plerre Lordard, Chaunesy M. Depew, and fifty others of big name-enough to substartiate the water and put it on a paying basis.

A CALL FROM LORILLARD

This summer all the large yachts have touched the coast. The Nieman, house-boat

of Pierre Loritlard, smiled its lazy way alorg

and crew for a taste of Coney Island's

fish dinners, unequalled save by the south-

ern California dinners, and the yachting

indies of Long Island managed to steer the long bow to within landing distance. One end is the playground of the cycling element, and there is of course the famous Concy

Island Athletic Club, which aims always

to get Corbeit there for one of his great knockouts. Thus Manantian thinks her-self worthy to back up her neighbor Miss Liberty's claims to enlightening and inter-esting the world.

To reminisce much about one who has

passed away is always a fad of seciety, more or less instructive, and now that Napoleon is being allowed a little more rest than was accorded him in midwinter, the sands, particularly the Manhattan sands, are turning toward memoirs of Edwin Booth.

This is brausse the falcated woman who

This is breause the talented woman who

issummer, and the summer manis congrat lating himself that the favorite shore dinner is not served with so valuable a tag at-tached as last summer.

HARRY GERMAINE.

"Called Down."

In one of the largest and richest churches

of B—one Sunday the minister was very much disturbed during his prayer by the untimely shaking down of one of the large

A little later both the minister and congre-

a day or so ago, stopping to let off the cab

Col. Ochiliree, who made the wager

gh possibly unconsciously so There was a wager made at Manhattan hast summer by Thomas P. Ochiltree and a certain Western celebrity that in one week's during at the beach they would see and red to all the well-known man of the con-

Pretty Bare-Footed Girls on Manhattan Beach.

FROM THE COUNTRY OVER

Thomas C. Platt Is One of the Large Audi-

Manhattan Beach, Aug. 1 -Do you know what a balloon party is? And are balloon parties popular in your part of the town? stratiy a Coney Island invention? A balloon party proper is a gathsiastic people on of any size in their midst. bullion is well reflated and sent up people follow it, walking as fast as possi-

The idea of the balloon party originated Manhattan, where there is a short reliroud, no lorger than from your front have to your roof garden, yet upon which you must ride and pay 5 certs. If you emclude that would rather walk and find you have to go a nule out of the way to get there. The balloon party is a growd of indurrant people, who send the balloon over the railroad tracks and walk the distance roundshout beguled by watch ing the floating object, and thus saving their

And to this little beach road hapes o rational in the whole world. One day's traffic pays expenses for the whole acr son, and for the remaining days of the summer Austin Corlan, the owner, can put the deliuts in his millionnire pockers. But u's a nice little road, and no one be-TWO NEW "CATCHES."

And apropos the Corbus may be men-rioned, while millions are under discussion, the son and daughter of this famuos old family. Mus Corbin is one of the great "Scarches" of this country about whom very little is heard. She is a very beautiful curt and has refused more princes and foreign titles than ever did the Pullman gur. But she remains either heart-whole serse-whole. And she is more than popular at the many country houses of the United States where she speeds most of the time. Austin Corbin, jr., the young man of the family, has, it is said, \$40, 000 000 for his selected summer girl when he gets ready to look for her. But these them, must be put down among the indefinites-like the wedding presents of a fashionable wedding, "too numerous to

most interesting character is the summer At Manhattan this proves to be Thomas C. Platt, whose wife is in Entropy, and who is consequently a "sum-mer catch." Mr. Platt is much admired for his generosity in clam dinners and his good spirits, though the maidens of the United States who gather in summer time upon Coney Island are forced to admit that he is a little too impartial in his attentions to be interesting, and too food of visiting with Banker Henry Clews and Perpent Morgan to be called a real lady killer. He enjoys the surf and watches the guls play in the sand and wave. Also Platt is getting better and is coming home soon, and then the manders will all be left for her entertainment. Such is the uncertainty of

the summer man.

There is no place in all the turnabout world as bad on curts as that end of
Coury Island known as Manhattan Beach.
The gales from the Atlantic strike one's
coffed authors and feature in. The lead paffed parting and flatten it. The land reeze from the continent brings out mois ture to kill the forehead twirls, while the intie beau catthers at the back of the meck are wrocked by the swirling elements of the great bay. Even the Statue of Liberty complains of it, for one day this week bet own sedate waves were plastered with a whitish foam. The provides. You know them! The forced blondest A blond preparation has been invented which holds the hair suif. And when you see a dignified blonde, with flucty arranged coliffere, "Thomas," they heard, "Thomas, what is — do you mean by making such a racket right in the middle of the minister's prayer?"—Boston Budget.

Seaside Belles Disport on Bikes

HOW MILLIONAIRESSES AT NEWPORT LEARN TO RIDE.

Cycling Became a Fad Last Summer-Bloomers Not Encouraged by the 400.



EWPORT, Aug. 2.— When a Newport belie spins along the ocean drive on her safety there is room for in-teresting conjecture as to how she learned to ride the wheel. She tide the wheel. She may have practiced the gentle art in New York, she may have had lessons in the cy-ling academy here, he may have had a teachel in the privacy

f her own cottage
grounds; but it is possible and even probable that she endured
all the preliminary struggles with pedals
and handle bar in broad daylight, on the
most fashionable of all summer thorough-

most fashionable of all summer thoroughfares, proud Believic avene.

B is to a stranger the most curious sight
in Newport to gaze upon a swarthy attired
member of the 400, who in Gotham town
would not stir three blocks without her
carriage to shield her and her maid to attend, valiantly reeling and widdly wobbling
on the tipsiest of all vehicles, in the agonies
of her first lesson, right in the public street,
with all the world to look on.

And yet the explanation is simple. Newport belongs to society. Only society people are supposed to invade it. Believic
avenue is the avenue of the 400, and why
should one dread to be seen by 399 of one's
own?

Cycling became a fad in Newport last

summer. The only teacher here then was Prof. Ike Johnson, a pleasant athletic col-ored man, who promptly got himself liked quiet. But it is right within sight of the



drop of the thood of Castlie in her veins and a deal of soft Southern takent Migname, when she stands still, is no taller than a ten-year-old child, but when she processhe will do for any height mapped out by her artist, so shapely is her form. She is, like the very tall girl model, who dips in the sea with her, engible for statues of because when he was a strong as they are simple. When one of the smart set wishes to add to her attractions the display of her figure upon the wind. Letter, takes her out in front wheel Johnson takes her out in front of the Casmo or anywhere else, as it may happen upon the avenue. He holds her upon the precarious seat, and seems to have as many arms as Briaraeus, for his cheoses a small inlet where there is a board over the watery surface, and there she sits and thinks, dipping her toes in the water, hands are on the handle bars, on the pedals. between the shoulders of his agitated via between the shoulders of his agnated via-tim, anywhere and everywhere, guiding supplying motion, correcting all the gyrations of the tricky, two-wheeled imp, landing the frightened girl safely on her feet, if she loses her grip for an instant and feels as if she would give the world to Her companion wears bright searlet and is aportier, for she wears a bathing dress that could, in no event, bear wetting, and feel solid ground.

feel solid ground.

Under some one of the stately trees
that overhang the avenue you may be
sure of seeing at almost any hour of a
bright morning. Johnson, cool, placid, faithfully examining a pneumatic and beside him rather flushed but and beside him rather floshed but with grim determination written on her face, an heiress of millions, weary but not abasised, getting ready for another go.

When a Philadelphia or a Southern belie carches the Newport infection and goes out with Johnson she apt to the a heavy brown or dark blue veil over her face, so thick that she caunot be recognized. But after a day or two she comes back to white gauze with black spots, for somehow she finds out that it is correct, though it may seem ridiculous to learn to "blke" in public.

It is correct, though it may seem ridiculoasto learn to "bike" in public.

To appear ashamed of what is correct

1s not good form. This is one reason
why girls in Newport learn very quickly
to ride. Since it is fashionable to take
their tumbles in the main highway, they
mount their wheels with a desperation
which does bravely in place of courage, and
when they fall they nick themselves up when they fall they pick themselves up or suffer themselves to be picked up by Johnson, with a smile. The method is Spartan but it works without fail,



Miss Virginia Fair. .

Johnson is a busy man. He is the mos good natured of his good-natured race, very strong, very gentle and very patient. Miss Vanderbilt seems even more perversely bent than other young women on running into the curbor making a sudden demonstra-tion under the heels of a high-stepping tandem, but Johnson trots along serenely

by her side on the watch for all such little

by her side on the watch for all such little freaks of a perverted inclination and prompt to avert the casualties that might result from them.

Miss Conseule Vanderbilt did not ride well when she first came here. She had ridden before, I think, but she was not beyond the need of Johnson. I saw her early one morning on the Avenue well out beyond the Marble House, in a region not much frequented at that hour. She wore a simple white duck shirt and a pink blouse, a costume she has since discarded for the ple white duck shirt and a pink blouse, a costome she has since discarded for the nattier stitre affected by her mother. She could not or did not getup speed enough to keep her balance, and Johnson lectured her smartly—there's not an aristocrat of the whole Four Hundred he's afraid of—in the interest of finding soft and safe landing places in the grass for her. When the morning's lesson was over the white duck had a good many green stains. Miss Consulo rides better now. She can go out to the country club without a single slip or swerve.

the country can wante a single say or swerve.

Mrs. I. Townsend Burden is another of Johnson's fashionable pupi's, and she does credit to her teacher. Mrs. Henry Clews rides with him also, but is not yet an exhibition scholar.

Mrs. Herman Ocirichs and Miss Virginia Fair hear been under Johnson's tutelage

Fair have been under Johnson's tutelage and probably Miss Fair is his star rider,



Johnson Lectures Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

She doesn't hold the record for speed, but She doesn't hold the record for speed, but Newport records don't cloud for much; there isn't really it fast pider here. Miss Farrington, who has beaten Miss Fair, would be laughed off the track in any place where girls are really athletic, with her paltry ten falles in filty-three minutes, but she looks well on a wiged, and so does Miss Fair, who has a deal of plack and endurance, and is out on the ocean drive every day. every day.

Johnson has taught Mrs. Royal Phelps
Carroll and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, who

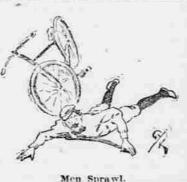
Carroll and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, who drives six horses a day and yet finds time for cycling.

Two of the prettiest of the black teacher's pupils are Miss. Evelyn Burden and the beautiful Miss Whittler, of Boston, who

beautiful Miss Whittler, of Boston, who is visiting her. Johnson doesn't encourage bloomers. He believes in a short third skirt, with evening shoes and leggings. Indeed, I doubt if he ever saw anything more radical here. Nobody rides for speed, everybody rides for grace, and the great bloomer question, which practically has been settled everywhere else, hasn't so mush as beg \*1 to bure. Newport doesn't mush as beg \*1 to bure. Newport does care for athletics. It only "bikes" a a fad, and that without too much exertle

A typical bicycle costume is that of A typical bicycle costune is that of Miss Virginin Fair, who wears a dark green cloth skirt that is bound with white and stops at her ankles. A white silk blouse bagging a little over a white belt shows under a smart green jacket. Her hat is a white suilor tied with green ribbors. Miss Eiste Clews, who rides very well, rears tan color and dark blue

Men as well as women roll and reel with obusion on Bellewie avenue, and they make men more coinical pictures. Curiously nough, it seems to burt them a deal more to lose their dignity for a minute, and then,



too, they are not sensible enough to take so onlone before they can, and so they sprawl, omen rever s-rawl upder any circum-ances. If they tumble they come down

in a little heap, cuddled.

Not all the men who ride are swells, for Not all the then who falls are swens, of the fashionable women are having their footnen taught, to act as bicycle escorts. Miss McAllister set the fashion, and now you can tell a truly true from a factory girl-for Newport has factory girls who ride the wheel, and ride promisently well—by the fact that the T. T. will have a liveried attendant trundling behind. John-son says it's hard to teach lickeys. They're so used to being rampois-they can't gain elasticity quickly. elasticity quickly.

But what with bicycle breakfasts and

pienes and daily runs to the country club, it's likely to be a busy summer here chib, it's incry upon the wheel. The Leech Is a Natural Getter Out.

In the top of the bowl marked "Leeches" in the drug store are tiny holes not bigger than a knitting needle. "You wouldn't think," said the druggist "that the leeches could crawl through that would you? You notice their apparent size

which is about that of a lead penoil, and you writch them extend themselves and draw themselves up. You admit their elasticity, but the thought of their crawling through sucha place as that seems impossible. Yetin a down town drug store the other day six of them, impelled by some instinct, some atmos pheric or physiological cause, squeezed through these thry holes and crawled out up-on the floor, where they were found in the morning."Lewiston Journal.

What Poetry Has Come to. I saw a man pursuing the horizon; Round and round they sped, I was disturbed at this I accosted the man, "It is futile," I said, You be," he cried. And ran on

and the story would be the better for some shadow of confirmation.

The society man of the party is Mr. John G. Ford, who is already more popular with Newport belies than was the Count de Castellane last year. He is a tall, handsome man, of dark skin, contrasting oddly with his light mustache. Perhaps he is the best dressed man in Newport. Certainly he looks as if he were kept carefully in a bandhox. It is easier to find him on fiellevue avenue than at his office. One has not been used to thinking of the bleycle as a vehicle of diplomacy, and yet Mr. Ford so far unbe \*'s from the stiffness of international efficience as to assist in maintain. Diplomats Enjoy Newport Life

SUMMER OFFICE OF THE QUEEN'S REPRESENTATIVE.

Embassy Moved to the Old and Very Pretty King Cottage.

Newport, Aug. 2.—An Eeglishman can no more live without a hedge than he can without a tub. Perhaps that is why the British embassy is stationed this summer at Newport. The warm weather capital is the most English of any city in the United States, its smooth lawns, stately pleasure parks and jealously rereened villas, overhung with oaks and elms and hidden behind thick, tall hedges of hawthorn,



Sir Julian Panncefote.

blackthorn or cedar, giving it quite the look of having been transplanted from over

No suggestion is meant that the rep sentatives of the Empress of India in this country are seasick; but when a Briton can get a British accent and a British atmosphere—soft and moist in the physical sense and very rmart in the social mse-and a heavy British carriage and wilderness of liveries, and a general deference to all the things he has been accustomed to defer to, why, of course he s going to do so. Sir Juhan Pauncefote began it two years

ago. He took the Bonaparte villa on Harrison avenue, everlooking Narragansett Bay, and here he established the embassy. One side of this historic mangion was set apart for office use, while the reception rooms of the other side saw many a notable This summer the embassy has not such

magnificient surroundings, but is howed in a place easier of access and in a fashion-able quarter of the city. The British lion grows or more pacifically grins in the old and pretty King cottage on Redwood street, overlooking Bellevue avenue. The King cottage is an old-fashioned wooden house overgrown with clambering ivy.

Trees of a century's growth shut it in, and, as if these were not screen enough, a heavy awning covers all the lower windows. No less businessike office was



Lady Pauncefote.

ever seen, unless it be the banks of Amsterdam, which one can't tell from the residences of the stately burghers.

The house belongs to the estate of Dr. The house belongs to the estate of Dr. David H. King, owned by nephews and nieces of the millionaire William H. King, new confined in an insane asylum, cottage was the boyhood home of Charlie Bates, son of C. F. Bates, who made at one time something of a sensation in society by his marriage to the "Queen of Diamonds" and later by his divorce from her.

The office of the embassy is on the ground floor of the great entrance hall. It is low-celled and anique of look, with hard-wood floor and quaint, arristic fittings that might well have belonged to he last century. Some good practical ooking desks and a big and conspicuous portrait of Queen Victoria keep the ro-nancing visitor, however, well pinned down to the matter of fact days of this year of grace, 1895.

The door is opened by a rosy-cheeked

the door is opened by a rowychester country boy, old in years, but young in learning, who makes the beds, sweeps the floors, waits on the secretaries of the legation, and, in short, is a girl, and yet is no girl at all. The reason for this lad's existence is that these scions of English noblitly do not want a woman about the place and in turn the reason about the place, and in turn the reason for this is that they have their meals sent in from the Club Cottage and like to come to breakfast comfortably in dis-habille.

The dining-room and smoking-room are behind the office and the bedrooms on the

floor above. Sir Julian Panneefote, who is entitled to wear almost the whole alphabet after his name, and who is the queen's ambas-saclor extraordinary and plenipotentiary, is in Europe at present on his annual vacation, but is expected to return at the end of the present month. He is a hand-some man of military bearing and with smow white hair. When is Newport be entertains laviely, and his wife and two daughters are familiar figures at all social functions of not Mrs. Parameters is a functions of note. Mrs. Pauncefote is a pleasant woman, with a large circle of pleasant woman, with a large circle of friends. She is one of the best whips in Newport. The Misses Pauncefote are pretty, accomplished girls, who never lack admirers. The emhassy has a corps of six, of whom one is abroad. In the absence of Sir Julian



Office of British Embassy, King Cottage.

cefote, the legation is in charge of —Poems of Stephen Crane.

Married His Cook.

"They say Wilkes married his cook."
"Hedid; only she wasn'this cookbefore he narried her, poor girl!"—Harper's Bazar.

Lord Gough, who makes his amminer head-quarters at Beverly Farms, Mass., visiting the office at Newport once a week only. There is a ranger affoat that a rich and beautiful American girl is the attraction at the Farms, but no name is mentioned, "It may be a great and glorious thing to die for one's country," said the pessimist, "but what is the good in doing an act that gives you no chance to re--Indianapolis Journal.

Octave Thanet Writes on Pests

FAMOUS LITERARY WOMAN AND THE BUG PROBLEM.

She Is Inclined to Think That the Human Hand Is the Best Destroyer.

national etiquette as to assist in maintain-ing cordial relations between Uncle Sam and John Ruli by daily spins along the Ocean drive with Miss Fair, Miss Hattle

Gammell, or some other devotes of so

canment, or same other devotes of so-ciety and cycling.

Probably the most industrious person in the office is the earl of Westmeath who spends his days with his books and is well versed in the affairs of the political world. He has a reading desk at the em-bassy and spends many evenings there alone in a brown study or rather entircled by the

in a brown study or rather encircled by the in a brown study of rather energied by the gray smoke of a good eight. He attends to much of the correspondence of the of-fice, which is very voluminous, well-filled, special muit pouches going out at fre-quent intervals. The earl is a pleasant,

boyish tooking fellow, with smooth face and light hair. He speaks with a pro-nounced English accent. Like Mr. Ford, he rides a bicycle. He is one of Newport's

best swimmers.
Mr. Henry O. Bax-Irroxides, second sec-

Anglomania to see cause to open its arms to the many men of the Brittish embassy.

ASTOR'S WONDROUS CAREER.

Not a Family, But a System for Amass-

but see the wondrous career of the

Astors. It is not a family, but a system. As soon as the Harlem River Canal was

legislated for, their estate began to buy and improve the natural dockage property

in the flats about Kingsbruige till they

possess a hundred acres in the future center of New York, where a hundred

acres is a colossal fortune. As the canal opens this dock and wharlage property

the statesman plan of these men is like the Marnal Life Insurance Company, which has assets of \$230,000,000, and rearly \$200,000,000 of that is surplus put into

ATTACKED BY A STALLION.

ordinarily as gentle an aminal as con

says a Los Angeles corresp

ingly restive and hard to handle.

tangled up, the stallion's shall

One of the iron boofs struck

left ankle and his leg feil broken, but he

The Quest Perflons.

"I love you with a passion that knows no bounds—I could dare anything for your dear saks—I would—" "Stop!" cried the beautiful girl imperi-

For a moment she gazed upon him is

around that cityfor anhour and I am yours.

With a despairing mean the young than grabbed his not and allowed the night to

swallow him up.

Asan accompaniment to the alamming door the beautiful gitl laughed merrily.

Then she exclaimed in pure Harlemese.

"While a trolley car runs in Brooklyn it's dead easy to get rid of any man I don't like." Again she laughed metrily.—New York

Let Them See the Palaces

The French journaliets who prolonged their

Kieltrip and paid a visit to Copenhagen were

not received by the King of Denmark. He

sent them word that he feared a political color

would be given to an official reception but he ordered the different palaces to be arranged

for them to see as they are when residences.—New York World.

"Across the river lies Brooklyn-

ment.

fiend.

By Octave Thanet. I have been, for a number of rears, experimenting in the destruction of files. The fly I have always held to be a more noisome and irritable enemy of the human race than the mosquito. To be sure, the mosquito burts one more than the fly, but, on the other hand, he does not make such a noise about it! He sings, but he does not buzz; he does not keep the early morning sleeper awake slapping viciously at his face—and then he is so much more easily killed than the firt

Everyone can kill a mosquito, day or night, by letting him get a good hold and then bringing the hand down on him. But whoever hits a fly in the dark?

Mr Henry O. Bax-Ire wides, second secretary of the legation, Z bigger and more imposing than any of his colleagues. He is a tall, heavily built man, careful in dress and a society favorite. When he is not at the office he is pretty sure to be found at the Reading Room, Newport's fashionable summer club. Just before leaving Washington he had a bad fail from his blaych, but now has so far recovered as to be seen wheeling on the avenue every bright day. Mr Cecil A. Spring Rice left for England soon after the embassy was transferred to this city, and Mr. J. J. O'Beirne has but just arrived.

The diplomatic corps is asked everywhere and seems to enjoy life, as indeed it ought, for work and play both come easier down here by the summer sea, and society decan't meed the excuse of Anglomana to see cause to open its arms I presume the reason screens are so much more common west than east is that flies are common, too.+ The screens in a house which has every crevice defended, do keep out the flies. But one is more troubled with them outdoors and when traveling.

THE CAR FLY.

The fly in the Pullman, on a hot, dusty day, is a happy scoundrel. His buzz of triumphant glee is heard above the noise of the train, and he flits cheerily from face to face, with that indescribable, insulting flabbing of his odious wings and



tapping of his loathsome feet, until one slaps in augusts, but slaps in vain.

1 saw a man in a train once, with a iny bellows filled with poisoned powder which he was squirting at the flies. I pitled that man, I did not condemn him; and I pitied him more when his sin had found him out, and I saw the colored

ing houses? And in vigor of character the present fourth generation equals the first, with literary as well as business versatility. My forefathers, the Haveneyers, came over at the time with the Astors, about 1776, from adjacent parts, the Astors from Walterf, and the Bavemeyers from Lippe. They reared the great structures of sugar refining and imperial real state. porter whispering to him. One cannot conveniently carry sucky fly paper on a ourney, which is a pily, since it is the most efective as well as the most in-human mechanical fly destroyer. The A California Man's Desperate Struggle to Escape Death.

A fight with a mad stallion occurred fight with a mad stallion occurred poisoned paper which country innespets afternoon in the heart of the city, affect, especially in their dining-rooms, no doubt increas the the's or San Francisco Examiner, J. W Sulamier was the victim of the enraged beast, and death, and it is never quick destruction. narrowly escaped with his life. The stai- The files go off and mope and stagger lion is owned by George Hare, and is over the table cloth, and die in the preserves; and you don't know which is preserves; and you don't know which is pre-serve and which is fly. They are every-where, like Milton's Samson, "I ting at ran-dom, carelessly diffused." Even the sticky paper has its imitations, and its very virtues have their perils, as everyone who has stumbled on to a piece of sticky fly paper at night knows. SI FIGHT OF HAND. be desired, but of late he has been exceed-Recently Mr. Hare had him in his corral securely fastened, as he thought, and little attention was paid to him. The animal, by a sudden plunge, broke his halter, and before the stableman could SLEIGHT OF HAND.

After all, the human arm fights flies betten than paper or powder or fly trap of



The Fly Always Escapes any kind! Nothing can exceed the efficacy of the hand properly equipped for the fray, with small broom or a compactly folded newspaper—another illustration of the power of the press! A single really gifted fly slayer, male or female, can do more then any kind of poison or trap, but the difficulty is that few males and

Cruel Fate. May-Were there any men at the seashore? Pamela—Yes, one; but he wasn't popular. May—Who was he? Parmela—The armless wonder.—Truth.

fewer mea-servants are really gifted in killing files. It is a pariful sight to look on the average maid attacking files by jerks, with an imadequate feather duster, she soldom hits anything, except the ornaments, and when by chance her unwieldy wenoup does strike a fly, it must be a poor creature that cannot stumble off among the feathers. Therefore, I read with interest a paragraph that has been going the rounds of the papers, ament the remarkable housekeeper, who has neither screens nor flies. She, it seems, keeps the flies away wit haplifts of lavender and water, one part of lavender to five of water. Mix and scaffer about freely. ments, and when by chance her unw